The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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"HE SHEWED HIMSELF ALIVE!"

This is "the Life"! Not that he came again
Into these misty twilights of the earth,
But that he rose at once from death and pain
To heaven's immortal birth!

This is "the Resurrection"! No mere form
Out of death's gloom an hour's revisit given,
But the great Life, above earth's change and storm,
Forever in God's heaven!

O death, that ever followeth after life!
O life, that ever cometh out of death!
Now do we know, in that great ceaseless strife,
'Tis Life that conquereth!

So "Christ is risen," is not alone their strain
Who can receive the ancient word of faith,
But for all hearts that hear, and not in vain,
His gospel—which each spring repeats again—
Of Life that conquers death.

—*Brooke Herford.*

Immortality and the resurrection begin here. We rise with Christ into a higher life with every right word, act, purpose. We sit with Christ Jesus now, in heavenly places.—*J. F. C.*

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

"He is risen."—JOHN xix. 35.

My aim in this discourse is to show how, entirely without design, the accounts of the resurrection of Jesus are harmonized by the supposition that he actually reappeared alive. Adopting this as a simple hypothesis, and reading these accounts, resorting to no forced nor far-fetched considerations, but by the light of our common knowledge of human nature, I propose:—

First, to relate the incidents contained in the Four Gospels as they would appear to a spectator standing apart at a point of view commanding the sepulchre and its immediate neighborhood.

And then to show that all is in perfect harmony with truth and nature.

It has often been suggested that Jesus was not really dead when his body was laid in the sepulchre. That he was dead when it was taken from the cross is proved by a circumstance mentioned in the Fourth Gospel, which evidently surprised those who witnessed it, as the mention of it is accompanied by an emphatic asseveration of its truth. It is stated that, when the body of Jesus was pierced by the spear of the Roman soldier to make sure that he was dead, "forthwith came there out blood and water." My attention was called some time ago by a medical friend to an article in a medical journal, in which it is stated that, in a person who has suffered great agony just before dying, the pericardium, in which the heart is enclosed, is often found to be full of water. When, therefore, the spear was plunged into the body of Jesus, it must have penetrated the pericardium, and pierced the heart. Remember the agony of Jesus in the garden, which was so severe that the sweat fell from him like big, heavy drops of blood, and which was shortly followed

by the terrible agony of crucifixion. The water accumulates gradually before it stops the beating of the heart.

I invite you now, dear friends, to transport yourself in imagination to the garden and to the neighborhood of the sepulchre in which lies the body of Jesus, and which is closed by a large, heavy stone.

Your attention is first arrested by a number of Roman soldiers, standing or lying at a short distance from the tomb. Suddenly the stone tumbles from its place; and thereupon a figure, all in white, appears, seated on the stone. At the sight the soldiers run away. The figure shortly disappears. Then a little company of women are seen and heard approaching. We hear them asking one another how they shall get the stone moved away from the tomb. As they go nearer to it, they see that the stone is already removed, the tomb open. One of them turns, and hastens back. The other women go into the sepulchre, but soon come out and flee from the spot. After an interval the one who had run away at the sight of the open tomb is seen coming back with two men, who go into the tomb, but soon come out and depart, leaving the woman weeping at the tomb. She stoops and looks down into it. At the same instant a voice is heard, asking her why she wept. The question is hardly asked her before it is repeated; and she turns round, evidently hearing a person whom you see coming behind her, who asks her the same question, and adding another question, whom is she seeking. She glances at the speaker, and answers that some one had carried off the body of her Master, and begs him to tell her where it is. His answer is only one word,—her own name, "Mary." She starts; she gazes at him for an instant, and flings herself at his feet, exclaiming, "Master!" and clinging to him as if she would never let him go. He tells her that he had not yet left the world, and bids her go and tell his disciples that he was about to go to his Father and their Father, to his God and their God.

I have thus set before you, as in a succession of pictures, what occurred, as it would appear to an on-looker, on that memorable morning in the garden, at the sepulchre in which the body of Jesus had been laid. Reading the story by the light of what we all know of human nature, I proceed to show that all is harmonized by the supposition that Jesus was there, alive, not recognized at the first, and that, when recognized, it was under circumstances which gave no opportunity for the delusive play of the imagination.

Only keep in mind, I pray you, on what a tumultuous flood of emotions, of wonder, of fear, of joy, the minds of the various persons present at the sepulchre were tossed. It would have been strange indeed, not at all natural, had they all told the same story precisely in the way in which it happened.

The sepulchre was a dark cavern, cut out of the rock, and in the dim light of the early dawn lighted only through the opened entrance. Objects in it could be seen only partially. Jesus awoke from the mysterious sleep of death. Throwing off the white cloth that had been wrapped around his head, and leaving it where his head had lain, he groped his way to the entrance, guided by the faint light that penetrated the cracks and crevices made by the rough, unhewn stone that closed the sepulchre. The stone could be more easily pushed away from within than pulled away from without. I have seen it stated in a scientific journal —though I do not know that we need the authority of science for a fact that we are all familiar with—that quite a slight concussion of the earth will jar the earth to a considerable distance. The soldiers on guard were startled by the jar caused by the fall of the stone: some of them, probably, were half asleep. They had been on watch all night. Engaged as they were, not in any familiar military duty, but in guarding a tomb,—the tomb, moreover, of a man widely believed to be possessed of superhuman power,—brave enough as they doubtless were in battle, they were none the less full of superstitious fears, especially when confronted with circumstances so startling. The jarring of the earth they at once took for an earthquake. Their terror magnified it into a great earthquake, and to their imaginations the strange figure seated on the stone—which was no other than Jesus, wrapped in the grave-clothes, who sat there to breathe the fresh air, and recover from the exertion of pushing away the stone—appeared to them of unearthly whiteness, and its eyes shone like lightning. "Objects

imperfectly seen, to eyes dilated by terror, take form from the imagination." The soldiers, it is said, "became as dead men," or, as we should say, were frightened to death. They fled in their fright to the Jewish priests, and told them of the earthquake and of the fearful figure they had seen. They did not say that they saw any one go into the tomb or come out of it.

The priests, seeing how terror-stricken the men were, could have but one thought, —that a trick had been played on them to frighten them away. The priests bribed the men to tell the story so. Strauss, in his Life of Jesus, says it is incredible that the Sanhedrim, some seventy in number, could all have agreed to bribe the soldiers to tell a lie. But it was not a lie—it was what the priests themselves not unnaturally believed to be the truth—that they induced the soldiers to tell. They assured them, moreover, they should not be punished for deserting their post, as they, the priests, would make no complaint of them. The soldiers had been borrowed of the Roman governor, and were amenable only to the priests, who were ready to exonerate them.

The next thing to be considered is, Who was the young man in the long white garment whom the women, to their great surprise, found in the tomb, and before whom, when he told them that Jesus had risen, they bowed down to the earth, holding him to be an angel from heaven? He made no claim to that character. Who else could it be but Jesus himself, who had retreated into the tomb upon the approach of the women? Unprepared at that moment to make himself known, he bade the women to go *quickly*, and tell his disciples and *Peter* that he had risen. This mention of Peter betrays Jesus. Who else on earth but Jesus could have shown such greatness of mind? Only he who gasped out a prayer of forgiveness for the barbarous and ignorant executioners who were nailing him to the cross,—only he could have had the unrivalled magnanimity to bear in mind how utterly unprepared Peter was for the terrible trial to which he had been put,—only he could have taken the first opportunity to assure his wretched disciple that what had passed was not remembered against him. The women obeyed the bidding of the supposed angel, and rushed off to tell the disciples what they had seen and heard. There is yet another incident going to prove that it was Jesus whom the women had seen without recognizing him: I will mention it by and by. The women reported that they had seen two angels. Whence the second angel? It was the white cloth which Jesus had left where his head had lain. They caught sight of it in the dim light of the tomb, and, in the wild excitement of their minds took it for another angel. After the women had gone, Jesus, having found other clothes, left "the long white garment" in the sepulchre, and withdrew from the immediate vicinity.

Then came Peter and John and Mary with no idea that Jesus had risen, but only to ascertain whether Mary's report that the body of Jesus had been taken away was true. John, being the younger, reached the tomb first, and waited for Peter to come up. The mention of this slight circumstance, by the way, must have come from John himself, upon whose memory the least incident of that eventful hour was indelibly impressed. When Peter came, they both went together into the tomb, and found that Mary's report was true: the body was not there. What perplexed them was that the grave-clothes were all there. They could not conceive why the grave-clothes had not been carried off with the body. They came out and went away, saying nothing to Mary. Their silence told her as plainly as any words that it was even so: the body had disappeared. They left her weeping at the tomb. As she stood there, she stooped and looked into the sepulchre. She caught sight of two white objects. Seeing them only in the dim light of the place, she could not have seen that they were the grave-clothes, as she supposed the grave-clothes must have been carried off with the body. It had been a surprise to Peter and John that the grave-clothes had not gone with the body. She knew not what to make of those white things. At the same instant that she saw them a voice came, asking her why she wept. She answered it, and was aware of some one coming behind her who repeated the same question, adding another, whom was she seeking. By this added query it is evident that he had put to her the first question and not heard her answer, as her back

was turned to him. She turned round, and found herself face to face with a man whom she supposed to be the gardener. All this happened coincidently in far less time than it takes to tell it. Glancing at the supposed gardener through her streaming eyes, she begged him to tell her where the body of Jesus was. In reply he simply breathed her name, "Mary!" That voice, which had so often called her by that familiar name, flashed a thrill of emotion through her whole frame. Gazing at him with a mingled look of unutterable wonder and rapture, she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, "Master!" She clung to him as to her life. He told her he had not yet left the world, and bade her not stop, but go and tell his disciples that he was going to his Father and their Father, to his God and their God.

It has been thought that Mary was the dupe of her imagination. The French biographer of Jesus pronounces her the victim of an hallucination. There was nothing whatever about the person before her to set her imagination at work. His garb was of the homeliest. She had at the moment but one thought: that her revered master was dead, as her tears bear witness.

She said afterward that she saw two angels in the tomb. But it is evident, on the very face of her story, that she had not the least idea, when she looked into the tomb, that the white things she saw there were angelic beings. Her attention was immediately diverted from them. She turned her back upon them to talk with a common man, as he appeared to her to be, a gardener. Never, never, would she have done so,—she would have been awe-struck, riveted to the spot,—had she believed those white objects were angels. When she returned to the disciples and learned that the other women had seen two angels in the tomb, I can almost hear her exclaim: "I saw those two angels, too! I did not know what to make of them at the moment; and that voice that asked me why I wept—coming I knew not whence—must have come from one of them." Thus it was that Mary always believed and declared that she had seen two angels in the sepulchre. Perhaps she was the more confident in this assertion, in that she may have been unwilling to acknowledge that her companions had seen more than she saw. Certain it is that Mary saw two white objects in the tomb. The women also saw two; but one of the two that the women saw was the young man clad in white, whom Mary did not see. Yet she declared she saw two. How did this happen?

The fact is that, after the women left and before Mary came, Jesus, having found other clothing, left in the tomb the long white garment in which he was wrapped when the women saw him, and that it was which Mary saw, as well as the white head-cloth. It is such little accidents as these, wholly undesigned, that are so telling as circumstantial evidences of truth.

As all who assisted at the burial of Jesus were Jews, very strict as to ceremonial uncleanness, one or more of them—most probably the gardener—had worn garments which, becoming unclean from contact with a dead body, were left near the sepulchre; and it was these garments that Jesus found.

The discrepancies in the accounts of the resurrection are not inconsistent with the truth of it. For instance, the First Gospel gives us the impression that the soldiers and the women were all present at the sepulchre at the same time. What could be more natural than that, in the intense excitement of the hour, the witnesses of what had occurred should, in telling their different stories, represent in hurried accents the wonderful things that happened without any regard to the order of time?

Again, it is stated that all the women who went out to the tomb saw Jesus and held him by his feet, whereas it was only Mary who held him by his feet. As they had all gone together, Mary and the rest, to the tomb, and as the women rushed back to the disciples, declaring they had seen angels who told them that Jesus had risen, and were quickly followed by Mary, exclaiming that she had seen Jesus himself, that it was no spectre, as was suggested, but his very self in flesh and blood, for she had held him by his feet, is it any wonder that in the excitement and confusion of the moment,—all exclaiming and talking together,—is it any wonder that the two stories got mixed, and that the impression was received that all the women had held Jesus by his feet? Great stress must have been laid upon his having been actually held by his feet,—a decisive

proof that it was no phantom which had been seen.

There are accounts of other subsequent reappearances of Jesus. I do not find these accounts stamped by such numerous and striking internal evidences of truth as his first appearance to Mary. But the first appearance being true, a strong presumption is created of the truth of his subsequent reappearances. Ghostly apparitions, of which we have numberless reports, occur mostly in the deep hours of the night; and each apparition is seen only by one person. The reappearances of Jesus are related to have occurred in broad daylight; and some of them were witnessed by two or three or more of his disciples, and the last by more than five hundred persons.

In the Book of Acts it is stated that some thousands openly professed to be the followers of Christ, and united with his immediate disciples. These had become so by the direct influence of Jesus himself. They had heard his words of wisdom and love. They had witnessed his wonderful works. They did not call themselves Christians. That was not a name that they took. It was the name which was first given in derision to the followers of Christ years after his death, at Antioch, because they had so much to tell about Christ, and his name was forever on their lips. In those early days nothing worse could have been said of a man than to call him a Christian.

After all, so strange, so extraordinary, is the resurrection of a dead man into life that, doubtless, notwithstanding all that can be adduced in proof of the reappearance of Jesus, it tasks the faith of numbers to accept it as a fact. And, indeed, it cannot be admitted, unless it be found in accordance with the inviolable divine order of the universe.

The resurrection was, I believe, in perfect conformity with a law,—the very highest of nature. There is a power working all around us and within us, infinitely greater than blind, mechanical force,—the power of Spirit, of Mind, of Faith over the flesh. Jesus was moved by faith in this Supreme Spirit, and by love of it, to return to his heart-broken disciples, to re-enforce their trust in him, and to make them the fearless heralds, which they became, of the truth for which he had lived and voluntarily suffered a terrible death,—the truth which kindles into action those instincts of the soul, the hunger and thirst for wisdom and perfection that attest the life of the Eternal God in man. It was in this faith that he said that whosoever lives and believes never dies.

Yes, friends, oh, yes, there is that in every human soul which, though buried deep in most, under the animal nature, craves knowledge for itself, and which, whatever is found to be imperfect, can never content, and which death cannot touch. It is these divine instincts that are never exhausted, but grow stronger in those who are the most conscious of them, the more they are gratified, which need immensity and eternity for their full development. The universe might well exist, and go on revolving forever in consummate order, had such a being as man never appeared. But man could not exist and reach his full height here or hereafter without this immeasurable creation to awaken his wonder, his curiosity, his longing to know and to become.

Already in this fleeting infancy of his being the law that guides the sun and moon and the myriads of stars in their courses has been discovered; and science, busily searching into the origin of things, is learning the way in which the All-animating Spirit is working to produce higher and still higher forms of being.

But, alas! science, not discerning the highest law of nature, the power of spirit, so fully revealed in the life, death, and resurrection of the great Saviour of the world, has so possessed us all with a mechanical theory of creation that we see nothing in the heavens above nor in the earth beneath but blind forces; and such materialistic modes of thought have become so prevalent that we are rendered well-nigh incapable of comprehending the faith of Jesus, by the power of which he was able to stand alone against a world in arms, and to reanimate his mortal body.

Could we only appreciate that transcendent faith of his in God, and in God present in man as he is present in all things else,— could we only realize to ourselves how, in the last scene of his life, in the great crisis of his fate, he stood there— with savage bigotry yelling for his blood— as calm and silent as the heavens above

him,—could we only realize that scene, so far from doubting whether he rose from the dead, we should rather wonder had he not risen, full as he was of the power of God, to comfort his disciples, plunged as they were in despair, and inspire them with courage to confront, as he had done, the worst that men could do to them.

Finally, if the consequences of any reported extraordinary event can afford, in the absence of direct proof of it, any ground for believing it, surely such a reason is furnished us for believing the resurrection of Jesus. It is an unquestionable historical fact that it was their faith in his having reappeared that emboldened his apostles, in the face of the bloodiest persecution, to publish his name throughout the world. His resurrection was to them the one essential thing. If that was not true, all else went for nothing. Was the faith that had such effects a delusion? Then

"The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble."

To my mind no idea can be more monstrous. And through the apostles what vast and enduring consequences have resulted,—consequences that for twenty centuries have determined the history of nations!

And now all denominations, however much they may magnify their differences, their creeds and rituals, are all at heart one. All acknowledge the one Religion, the Spirit of a broad active Humanity, of which the character of the Lord Jesus is our greatest revelation. That Spirit, breathing from his life and his cross, and through all the humane institutions that accompany Christianity wherever it spreads, —that Spirit it is which appeals to the universal human heart and is humanizing the world. Be it our aim to cherish this blessed Spirit, to live not unto ourselves, but for love's sake and for all the beneficent offices of humanity. So only can we become one with Christ, one with God.—*W. H. Furness.*

Jesus makes the soul alive: therefore, he is the resurrection. He lifts us up now, so that we are near God, and dwelling in heavenly places; and this takes away all anxiety about the hereafter. Fulness of present life is the best argument against death.—*J. F. Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

How shall we keep this holy day of gladness,
This queen of days, that bitter, hopeless sadness
Forever drives away?
The night is past,—its sleep and its forgetting.
Our risen sun, no more forever setting,
Pours everlasting day.

Let us not bring upon this joyful morning
Dead myrrh and spices for our Lord's adorning
Nor any lifeless thing.
Our gift shall be the fragrance and the splendor
Of living flowers, in breathing beauty tender,
The glory of our spring.

And with the myrrh, oh, put away the leaven
Of malice, hatred, injuries unforgiven,
And cold and lifeless form,
Still with the lilies deeds of mercy bringing,
And fervent prayers and praises upward springing,
And hopes pure, bright, and warm.

So shall this Easter shed a fragrant beauty
O'er many a day of dull and cheerless duty,
And light thy wintry way
Till rest is won; and patience, smiling faintly,
Upon thy breast shall lay her lilies saintly
To hail heaven's Easter day.

We, to-day, dear friends, enter into this region of faith. We also are risen with Christ. We sit in heavenly places with him. For heaven is not a place far off, above the skies, somewhere outside of the orbit of Saturn and Neptune; but it is a world of spiritual life all around us. Christ has abolished death to all who believe in him. Those who believe in him do not die. They go on, they go in, they go up.

While the disciples at Emmaus were talking with their Master, their eyes were opened, and they knew him. While we talk with Jesus on this Easter Sunday, our eyes opened, and we know him. He is our Friend,—the Friend of every soul that needs him. He is the friend of every poor sinful, broken heart that thinks it has no friend on earth. He is the friend of all who wish to have his help. The true Christ is not in the past: he is here. He is not dead and gone. Behold! he is alive forevermore. He has not come merely to give us a right to be with him in some future heaven. He has brought heaven down to us here. He is with us always, even to the end of the world!

Therefore, on this Easter Sunday morning, while its sun shines so brightly around us, let us all thank God, and take courage. Let us not look backward, but forward; not downward, but upward; not be desponding, but hopeful. Are there any of us here who feel lonely, bereaved, desolate? Behold! the heavens are opened; and an innumerable company of friends are waiting for you to welcome you when you go up, and lead you to him who liveth and was dead, and is alive forevermore. Are there any of us who are hesitating to do what we know to be right, not ready yet to do our duty, still postponing till to-morrow what we ought to do to-day? Let us on this bright Easter morning begin to do our work in full faith that God will enable us to accomplish it in this or in some other world. O weary heart, arise and be strong! Sad soul, be glad to-day; for Christ has arisen! Sinful soul, turn to God, and forsake your sins, and be made alive! Take part in the better resurrection, which lifts out of evil into good. Make this day the beginning of a new life, which shall never know any end, but shine brighter to the perfect day.—*James Freeman Clarke: Messages of Faith, Hope, and Love.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all matter for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Hallett, 310 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.*]

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3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

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"The Easy Book"; "Percy" (tales of the kings of England); "Merry's Museum," vol. iii., Peter Parley; "Gabriel," Mary Howitt; "Fanny and her Mamma"; "Family Pastimes": "Mamma's Bible Stories"; "Reuben Kent's First Winter in the City"; "Our Young Folks" (1868); "More Mittens"; "Wanderers, and Other Tales," Parley; "The Juvenile Scrap Book for 1849"; Depping's "Evening Entertainments"; "Big Nightcap Letters"; "Aunt Fanny"; "The Rosebud," S. W. Jewett; "The Favorite Scholar," Mary Howitt; "Maud," a story for girls; "Parlor Charades and Proverbs"; "Tales for Little Boys"; "Father Brighthopes"; "Stories for Christmas and Winter Evenings"; "Left Behind; or, Ten Days a Newsboy"; "The Island Home"; "Our Summer House"; "Our Harry, and Other Poems"; "The Peacemakers"; "Belle and Lilly"; "Boys' and Girls' Library" (short stories), Mrs. Colman; "Joe's Luck," Alger; "Omoo" (adventures in the South Seas), Melville; "Mother's Lessons for Children"; "Evenings at Home," Aikin and Barbauld; "Rollo on the Atlantic"; "Book of Parlor Games"; "Waikna" (adventures on the Mosquito Shore), Bard; "The Purgatory of Peter the Cruel" (a funny story for children); "Little Plays for Little People"; "Carl Krinken," by author of "Wide, Wide World"; "Alice in Wonderland," Carroll; "Wonder Book," Hawthorne; "Little Susy's Little Servants" (Part II.); "Little Susy's Six Teachers" (Part II.); "The Percy Family: A Visit to Ireland"; "Contentment Better than Wealth"; "Patient Waiting no Losing"; "Out of Debt, out of Danger"; "No Such Word as Fail"; "Country Life, and Other Stories"; "Magdalene and Raphael"; "Modesty and Merit"; "The Florence Stories," Abbott; "Cousin Lucy at Play"; "Cousin Lucy on the Seashore"; "Stories told to Rollo's Cousin Lucy."

Miscellaneous.

"Memoir of Chief Justice Parsons"; "Bayard on the Constitution of the United States"; "The Rural Cemeteries of America"; "Mothers in Council"; Woolsey's "International Law" (1860); "Crests from the Ocean World" (Travels); "Canterbury Pilgrimage," Pennell; "The Lady at Home"; "Life of G. Stephenson," Smiles; "Records of Bubbleton Parish," by an American Minister; Foster's "Essays"; "Rifle and Hound in Ceylon," Baker; "Hard Times," Dickens; "The Rose Garden," anonymous (1872); "Army Life in a Black Regiment," Col. T. W. Higginson; "Capt. Canot; or, Twenty Years of an African Slaver," Mayer (1854); "Knowledge for the People," Timbs (1832); "Vernon Grove" (a novel); "John Bull and his Island"; "The Cotter's Saturday Night, and Other Poems," Burns; "Letters from a Field Hospital after the Battle of Gettysburg"; "Uarda" (a romance of ancient Egypt), G. Ebers; "Gentleman's Magazine" (1843); "Twice-told Tales" (2 vols.); "Blithedale Romance," Hawthorne; "Essays," Emerson; "John Halifax," Mulock; "A Bride from the Sea"; "Pebbles from the Seashore"; "Ellen Stanley."

N.B.—Old correspondents of the Cambridge Branch will please address the members to whom they have formerly written.

The King's Chapel Branch offer "The Man without a Country" and "In His Name," by E. E. Hale; several copies. Address Miss K. E. Phelps, 47 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Spring Garden Church Branch of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers "Good

Luck," Werner; "Love me Little, love me Long," Charles Reade; "Lessons on the Old Testament," Mrs. Jaynes; "English and German Dialogues," Francis Graeter; "The French Tutor"; "Analytical Geometry," Elias Loomis; "A Grammar of German and English," Belerke; "English Language," Morton Esthrle; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1892–93; the *Shakespeariana*, 1889–94 (odd numbers in each year), a magazine adapted to the study of Shakespeare. Address Helen G. Goodwin, 2036 Gratz Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Venah J. Warren Circle of King's Daughters offer "The First Violin," Jessie Fothergill; "New Arabian Nights," R. L. Stevenson; "Mill on the Floss," George Eliot; "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Humphry Ward; "A Marriage at Sea," W. Clark Russell; "Two Fair Women," author of "Dora Thorne"; "Won at Last," Beatrice Marean; "Back to the Old Home," Mary Cecil Hay: "A Philosopher in Love and in Uniform"; "The Haunted Man, and the Ghost's Bargain," Charles Dickens; Reid's "English Dictionary." Magazines: *Lend a Hand*, year of 1892; *Household*, incomplete, of 1891–93; the *Forum*, May and August, 1894; the *Eclectic*, magazine of foreign literature, February, May, September, November, 1894; *New England Magazine*, incomplete, years of 1891–93. Address Miss C. L. Murdock, Washington Street, Brighton, Mass.

"The Thought of God" (religious poems); "The Faith that makes Faithful" (sermons); "Prayers," Rufus Ellis; two booklets containing selections from Channing; "Heavenly Hymns for Heavy Hearts" (Presbyterian Board of Publication); "Daily Thoughts" (from Charles Kingsley's writings); "Thoughts to Help and Cheer" (selections for every day in the year). Also a number of *old* books, Sunday-school lessons, etc., which might be useful where there are no means of obtaining newer publications. Among these are two or three hymn-books, Testaments (one in German), question-books on the Gospels and on the Old Testament. These might be helpful to Sunday-school teachers unable to buy recent books. Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Miss Jeannie M. Hall, 14 Asylum Street, Brattleboro, Vermont, offers "Heriot's Choice," Rosa N. Carey; "A Pair of Blue Eyes," Thomas Hardy; "The Blue Ribbon"; "Stand Fast, Craig Royston," William Black; Ollendorff's "French Grammar"; "Dunn Browne in the Army"; "Collection of British Authors"; "Captain Nelson," Drake; "Eugenie," B. M. Butt; "Ships that pass in the Night," Beatrice Harraden; "Two Chiefs of Dunboy," Froude; "Heaps of Money," W. E. Norris; "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. H. Ward; "Black Beauty"; "The Lost Casket"; "The Soul of Pierre," George Ohnet; "The Freaks of Lady Fortune," May Crommelin; "Tritons," E. L. Bynner; "Tchelieragrade," Warden; "The Great Mill Street Mystery," A. Sargeant.

Mrs. A. R. Millett, 12½ Hathorne Street, Salem, Mass., offers Harkness's "Latin Grammar" (1870); Brooks's "Geometry and Trigonometry"; "Natural Philosophy," Quackenbos; Colburn's "Common School Arithmetic"; Hillard's "Fourth Reader"; "Progressive Second Reader"; Hillard's "Sixth Reader"; "Progressive First Reader"; Allen's "Primary Geography"; "Colton and Fitch's "Introductory Geography"; "Child's Scripture Question Book"; "International Lesson Book" (1881); "Sacred Songs," Moore and Byron; "Hymns for the Church of Christ," Dr. Hedge; the *Cosmopolitan*, 1894; "Frémont's Life, Explorations, and Public Service"; "Nothing but Money," T. S. Arthur; "The Atkinson Memorial," T. H. Silloway; "Learning to Act"; Wells's "Every Man his own Lawyer"; *Dayspring* (bound); "Philopena; or, Friendship's Token"; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1893 and 1894; Sheldon's "Fourth Reader"; "National Third Reader"; Howard's "Elementary Arithmetic"; Worcester's "Primary Spelling Book"; Colburn's "First Lessons in Arithmetic"; Hagar's "Common School Arithmetic." Song books: "Pure Gold," "Golden Robin," "Seminary Album," "Hours of Singing."

I have the following books I will send to any one who will pay the postage: "Ships that pass in the Night," "The Man who was not a Colonel," "Five Thousand Dollars' Reward." Mrs. Mary Elswick, Box 183, Olympia, Washington.

Although I have not received any books or papers offered in the Book Club, I would

like to do something to help the good work along. I offer the *Housewife* for 1893, and *Womankind* for the same year, except May number. I will send *Arthur's Home Magazine* for 1895, after we have read it. (Mrs.) A. Gearhart, Island, Neosho County, Kansas.

"Leaflet Lessons on the Life of Christ," for Sunday-school teachers and others. Subjects as follows: "John the Baptist," "Jesus in the Temple," "The Baptism of Jesus," "The Temptation," "Jesus in the Synagogue," "The Call of Matthew," "Healing the Leper," "The Man with the Palsy," "Healing the Centurion's Servant," "The Maniac of Gadara," "The Little Daughter of Jairus," "The Young Man of Nain" (first printed in *The Cheerful Letter*). N.B.—In writing, state how many copies of each lesson you desire. Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Mrs. Harry Dewar of Nelson, Pickens County, Georgia, has one year (1894) of *Harper's Young People* which she will give to any one desiring the same. Also a paper copy of "The Water Babies," by Kingsley.

Some back numbers of *Youth's Companion* offered by Miss Mamie Gardner, Martin, Oklahoma, Unassigned Land.

Miss Margaret D. Fette, 11 Walnut Street, Boston, Mass., offers the following books: "King Arthur," Muloch; "Conquest of Granada," Irving; "Cricket on the Hearth" (2 copies), Dickens; "Hill and Valley," H. Martineau; "Picciola," Saintine; "Moorish Chronicles," Irving; "Ballads," Thackeray; "Pictures from Italy," Dickens; "Aunt Margaret's Mirror," Walter Scott; "Robur, the Conqueror," Jules Verne.

Mrs. L. H. Goodwin, Allwood, Amherst County, Virginia, offers to any member of the club who will pay postage "The Pathfinder," "The Prairie," "The Herdsman," "The Bravo," and "The Crater," all by Fenimore Cooper; "Daniel Deronda," Eliot; and a lot of magazines. Will send a two-pound package for eight cents.

REQUESTS.

Libraries.

Standing requests for libraries from:—

Rev. George H. Taylor, Rocky Ford, Colorado;

Mrs. O. A. Langston, Sidney, Comanche County, Texas;

Mrs. C. S. Stowell, Magnolia, Boulder County, Colorado;

Mr. Davis M'Carn, Anamosa, Iowa;

Mrs. D. Jayne, Cayuta, Schuyler County, New York;

Mrs. Emma Miner, Lisbon, New Hampshire;

Stephen D. Rhoden, La Pine, Crenshaw County, Alabama;

Mrs. E. T. Bonner, North Platte, Nebraska, for the North Platte Church Sunday-school;

Mrs. May D. Jones, North Platte, Nebraska, for a union Sunday-school and a day school, seven miles out of North Platte.

Mrs. Stowell, Mrs. Jayne, and Mrs. Miner, all need children's books. Mrs. Stowell also asks for books for a mining population (many are educated people). Mr. Rhoden for an industrial school for colored children.

(If any address is omitted that should be in this list of standing requests, we shall be glad to insert it in the next number.)

Books for the Anamosa Church Library, formerly sent to Rev. Charles Graves, now sent to Mr. Davis M'Carn as above.

The Sidney Library is the Bibb Library, moved three miles to a somewhat better situation.

Miss Nellie Goss, Sanco, Coke County, Texas, would like Wood's "Natural History," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

I would like to receive "Scottish Chiefs" and "Called Back." I would also be glad to receive back numbers of any of the leading magazines except *Century*. Mrs. Fannie A. Wright, Straw, North Carolina.

I would like so much to be a subscriber to *The Cheerful Letter*, but times will not permit. We were burned out last summer, and lost all we had. I have a few books I would be glad to exchange. I am very fond of reading, so are my girls. I have two, aged seventeen and eleven, also two boys, twins, fifteen; and we are not able to take any papers, much less books. I would like to send reading matter to some of the sisters in exchange for bulbs, as I am a great lover of flowers and lost all I had, and have not

the means of buying more. Address Mrs. P. A. Hiatt, El Dorado Springs, Missouri.

Please send the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Mother's Nursery Guide*, or any good intellectual reading. It will be thankfully received. Mrs. Orie E. Davidson, Wamic, Wasco County, Oregon.

I would be glad of any good reading. Jennie M. Wright, West Levant, Penobscot County, Maine.

Is it asking too much of your club to send me magazines or reading for a family of six children, from seventeen years to seven years, with an intense craving for books? I am a member of the Presbyterian Church. May I also ask this kindness for a friend, a lonely widow with seven children, a member of the Baptist Church? We have the reading of the *Youth's Companion*, and often pass it on to others. Address Mrs. Jesse S. Smith, Little River Academy, Cumberland County, North Carolina.

The address of the widow is Mrs. Charity Williams Pipkin, Bunn's Level, Harnett County, North Carolina.

(*Every Other Sunday* is being sent to Mrs. Smith.)

I am not a shut-in; but I should be glad of any kind of reading, and will also send to others as far as I can. Mrs. Angie S. Linnell, West Levant, Maine.

If you will be so kind as to send me books, papers, or magazines suitable for children or mothers who are kept at home with little ones, I will see that they are distributed. I long to help others, but have not the means to purchase literature myself. Mrs. E. E. Lilley, East Peru, Iowa.

We would be very thankful for good reading,—magazines, papers, books on travel, and history. I am a widow. My family is one boy and my old father eighty-two years old. We live on a homestead in the mountains of Oregon. We have to work by day for our living. I tell you this because there's no minister in less than ten miles of this place. Address Mrs. R. B. Miller, Washington County, Greenville, Oregon.

(*Youth's Companion* is being sent.)

Mrs. M. M. East, Salem, Oregon, asks for Fulton and Trueblood's "Choice Reading," or any book of elocution.

Mrs. Mary Elswick, P.O. Box 103, Olympia, Washington, asks for "Endeavors after the Christian Life," Martineau; "Domestic Worship"; "Christian Belief and Life," A. P. Peabody; "Life in Earnest."

Mrs. James Newcomb, Sayers, Bexar County, Texas, would like Longfellow's "Poems," "Pembroke," Mark Twain's works, and patterns and instructions for doing art embroidery on linen.

(*Ladies' Home Journal* is being sent her.)

Miss E. M. Ingraham, P.O. Box 284, Dover, New Hampshire, asks for religious reading. She is an invalid, and lives so far out of the city that she cannot have access to the public library.

(The *Christian Register* is being sent to her.)

Mrs. Martha Flood, West Buxton, Maine, would like "My Wife and I" and "The Black Arrow."

Miss Flora Lone, P.O. Box 6, Huntley, Nebraska, asks for the "Scarlet Letter" for her library.

Mrs. Jennie Wiley, Kirkland, Washington, would like some good reading.

I should like, for my daughter Lelia, Miss Alcott's books and E. P. Roe's books, *Every Other Sunday*, *Dumb Animals*, "Just Sixteen," "Two Friends," "In His Name." Also small picture-books for Maud and Claud. I should be glad to get reading for myself. Mrs. Martha Hartman, Olympia, Washington.

Any one having the *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1895 will please send word to Mrs. H. R. Hallett.

Mrs. Lizzie Colby, West Levant, Maine, asks for "Ben-Hur."

Miss Lula B. Bailey, Smithville, Virginia, wishes a Venable's "Practical Arithmetic" and Key to the same.

Miss Annie Henry, Terryville, Virginia, asks for reading.

Mrs. L. H. Goodwin, Allwood, Amherst County, Virginia, asks for "The Prince of the House of David" and "The Pillar of Fire."

Miss Anna Wakefield, Cleveland, Minnesota, writes that she is seventeen years old, has a mother and two brothers of fifteen

and eleven. She would like reading matter for all.

I have the names of two shut-ins who would be glad to receive reading. One, a boy of seventeen, has been an invalid five or six years. He was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. He is not at present confined to the house, but he is not able to work. His address is Ray De Witt, El Dorado Springs, Missouri. He likes history, travels, adventures, etc. The other is a little girl eleven years old. She has not been out of bed, only as she is lifted up, for over two years. She lives on a farm one-half mile from town. She enjoys reading. Her address is Edith Winchester, East Peru, Iowa. Mrs. Carrie Smith, East Peru, Iowa.

Mrs. Lizzie H. Kinne, El Dorado Springs, Missouri, writes: "I have very poor health, and cannot afford to buy reading matter, but do so love to read. I have two children,—one a boy of fifteen, who is very fond of history: the other, a girl of twelve, likes legends and fairy tales, and is also fond of music."

Mrs. Clara Patterson, Blaine, Tillamook County, Oregon, would like the *Chatterbox* or picture and study books for her children.

Mrs. Harry Dewar of Nelson, Pickens County, Georgia, would be grateful for books of travel, stories, novels, and illustrated books for children, suitable to place in circulation among colored people and an intelligent class of white working people. Is there any reader of *The Cheerful Letter* who will send her *Harper's Magazine* complete for 1894?

Mrs. Eleanor Puckett, Powder Mills, Hart County, Kentucky, writes: "We are nine in family,—my husband and I, five boys and two girls, aged from three to sixteen years,—and are all fond of reading. We would like 'Shakespeare,' Goodrich's 'History of the United States,' 'Little Women,' some picture books for the little ones, and any good reading for myself."

Master F. C. Rogers, Fork, Marion County, South Carolina, asks for a "Cæsar" ("Brigham's Series" preferred) and Wentworth's "School Arithmetic."

Miss Fannie W. Adams, Grady, Polk County, Georgia, writes that she has been an invalid since she was nine years old, and is now confined to her bed. Her mother is a widow. Reading is her great pleasure; and she would like books that would help her in her studies, such as histories or historical stories. She also likes good novels. She asks also for a dictionary.

Mrs. John Morgan, Lacombe, Canada, writes that a package of books has been detained at the custom-house for duty, which she is unable to pay. It must be remembered that only second-hand books marked on the outside "second-hand" will pass free of duty; and no *English* papers or books by English writers can be sent.

Mrs. F. C. Dorn, Point Rock, Oneida County, New York, sends thanks for school books received, and says she now has plenty.

Mrs. Louisa H. Goodwin, Allwood, Amherst County, Virginia, says: "I have received all the books I asked for except 'Pendennis,' 'Romola,' and 'Mr. Gilfil's Love Story.' Would be glad to get them. also 'Janet's Repentance,' by George Eliot, and 'Allen's Wife,' and 'Hunter Quartermain's Story.'" Mrs. Goodwin also writes in behalf of a Miss Alice Rogers, who is a confirmed invalid and a great sufferer. Any reading sent Miss Rogers may be sent in care of Mrs. Goodwin. She would like histories or historical novels.

Miss Margaret Hamil, Floy, De Kalb County, Alabama, asks books and papers for the library of the Methodist Episcopal church. Papers on farming would be acceptable. There are many poor people in Floy unable to subscribe for papers, and children growing up in ignorance. (N.B.—Mention the library in sending to Miss Hamil.)

Mr. John Ward, Glade Creek, Bledsoe County, Tennessee, would like reading matter treating of the war, as he is an old soldier.

Mrs. Ollie Mitchell's present address is 1115 Masolin Street, Seattle, Washington.

Mrs. Henry S. Hinckley's former post-office (Fairview, Washington) has been discontinued. Her present address is Edwall, Lincoln County, Washington.

Will Mrs. Edwin Duryea, who sent an offer of *Babyhood* to *The Cheerful Letter*, be kind enough to give her address to Mrs. Hallett? By some accident it was omitted.

Mrs. Louisa H. Goodwin, Allwood, Virginia; Mrs. John Morgan, Lacombe, Alberta, Canada; Mrs. Mary Elswick, Olympia, Washington; Mrs. Lizzie Colby, West Levant, Maine; Mrs. F. E. Durham, Sanco, Coke County, Texas; Mrs. Carrie Smith, East Peru, Iowa, Mrs. Albert Thompson, Dexter, Maine, return thanks for reading matter received.

Mrs. Maggie Coe, formerly of Pottsboro, Texas, writes that her address is changed to Ector, Fannin County, Texas.

LETTERS AND ANSWERS.

"The person who sent a package to Mrs. R. H. Berger, Manchester, Kansas, sent it by express *unpaid;* and the charge is ten dollars, which Mrs. Berger is of course unable to pay. The package is at the express office in Manchester."

Probably the sender *did* pay the express. We have invariably found, on investigating such cases, that the package was paid at this end. The error is in not sending a note to the recipient, stating that the express is paid. If Mrs. Hallett were notified of all packages sent (as we have repeatedly requested), such matters could be traced. We have no clew to the sender, but hope this paragraph may catch her eye.

From several correspondents: "Will you please thank Mrs. —— for sending me books and papers? I had her address, but have lost it."

We have not room in *The Cheerful Letter* for notes of thanks, and hope that senders will remember to enclose their addresses, and receivers to preserve them carefully. It is hardly fair to postpone printing matter which would interest many, in order to insert notes of thanks.

"Will you please to send me some good books, as I am very fond of reading?"

The editor receives notes of this sort nearly every day, often several in one day. All these requests should go to Mrs. Hallett, the secretary of the Book Club. Hitherto the editor has sent these requests to Mrs. Hallett. In future she will not be able to do so. Those who wish to receive books through the Book Club must be willing, before writing, to give one minute to reading the directions printed for our mutual convenience.

ANSWERS TO SEVERAL LETTERS, CONDENSED.

1. We cannot print requests for readers living in or near a town containing a public library. 2. We cannot print requests for books for Sunday-schools in Massachusetts, near Boston or any other large town. 3. Those who write letters asking for pecuniary help are dropped from our list. 4. Yes, we require a reference from those who are unknown to us. 5. To several writers: Your letters should have been addressed to Mrs. Hallett. See Book Club.

We think of trying the experiment of printing next month only a portion of the offers of books. The offers may be sent to Mrs. Hallett as usual, and she will return a postal with an address. The requests which she cannot at once answer will be printed. The object of this is to save several weeks' delay, and to equalize the distribution.

If any one receives (with a book or parcel) a postal addressed to Mrs. Hallett, we desire to explain that it is sent in order that she may write to Mrs. Hallett a list of the names of books received by her. We should *like* to receive these cards once every month (or at least every two months), but may not be able to supply so many cards. On the first card send the name of *all* the books you have received, so far as possible. Afterward write on the last day of each month, and inform Mrs. Hallett whether during the month you have received *any* books or none; if any, the names. By this method many who have been disappointed will receive something sooner. If our members will sometimes supply their correspondents with a card addressed to Mrs. Hallett, it will be a help in covering the ground.

TO THE SHUT-INS.

My dear Friends,—I want to write to you about "College Settlements," but, first, a few words of the part of the city where one of them is established. The visitor in Boston to-day, unless he have something of antiquarian taste, will hardly go to the North

End. Copley Square, with its picturesque Art Museum, the grand pile of Trinity Church, and the now just completed Public Library, will attract him more; but he will lose much in the omission, as I realized last week in my first glimpse of this locality.

Once the court end of Boston, there remains still, in some of its houses, indications of the finish and style of a hundred years ago. Dingy and wretched now, they are the tenement homes of a crowded foreign population.

Christ Church, however, the always conspicuous feature of the vicinity, stands still substantially unchanged, deeply stirring one's patriotism. Imagine our party of four ladies straining our eyes from the pavement to read the tablet inscription on its front! In lines well preserved is the record of Paul Revere's lantern, hung aloft in its tower, warning the country of the approach of the British, of which, in song or story, you have all read so many times. It was indeed most interesting, and I might fill my letter with descriptions of this whole district full of historic value; but I hasten to the objective point and purpose of our afternoon visit there,—the "College Settlement" on Hull Street, directly opposite Christ Church. A few steps brought us to its door. We were welcomed by Miss C., who kindly introduced us to her coworkers,—four, I think, in number; and from Mr. W. we heard of the initiatory steps in this work. It was a simple story, told from the heart.

Two boys, whom he chanced to find in the neighborhood, were the nucleus. In a single room he, with one other friend equally interested, began the work of instruction and sympathy. From time to time others were attracted. The news that friends had come among them spread rapidly, until it became necessary to secure larger quarters; and now in this three-storied, comfortable house, where we found them, nearly three hundred children come weekly under their influence, the corps of teachers and helpers having also generously increased with the demand.

Does one wish to learn to sew? A class is ready with an efficient teacher in that so important branch. Is it reading, drawing, writing, or the higher branches of learning? Every little bright-eyed Italian or Portuguese girl or boy may find there an able head and a willing heart to give him a fair start. A number of Jews, too, are in this neighborhood to share these privileges. There are no distinctions of race or condition, neither time nor strength is spared, and the work of this "Settlement" known as "The Epworth League House," 34 Hull Street, goes on enthusiastically, eager only for larger means to continue it more to their minds.

They greatly desire a play-ground and bath-houses for the children. At present they are allowed to roam in the summer in the old Copp's Hill cemetery, just opposite the house; but it is the hope that the city may purchase the land between this and the water, which would certainly be a most humane provision for this crowded neighborhood.

Possibly I have given you the impression that it is children only who are cared for by a college settlement. It is indeed from them that reform must hope for its permanent results; but the young men and women, the parents also, are, not less than the children, brought under its influence. To these the residents of "Epworth League House" open their parlor and their library not less than their hearts, share with them their own refinements of taste and education, inspire them with better habits and motives, and open a meaning to life of which they never dreamed.

There are in the United States eighteen of these college or university settlements,—three in New York, six in Chicago, two in Philadelphia, four in Boston, and one each in San Francisco and Pittsburg. Charity —usually understood as almsgiving—is not their purpose. It is *friendship*. *Brotherhood* is their watchword. They are the outcome of the wide-spread philanthropic spirit of our age. Their aim is to give a fair chance to those who, by the accident of birth and mere surroundings, are deprived of development to remove, as far as possible, the false distinctions of society, and so to discover latent powers,—in short, to humanize and to bring into more just relation all sorts and conditions of men. The dignity of labor is impressed upon all; and, as self-respect and an ability for self-support dawn on the mind, a new world of hope opens itself.

Nor is this noble effort of these men and women without its own high reward.

Surely, "it is more blessed to give than to receive"; and, in leaving their homes of culture and refinement to live among the city slums, and share their privileges with the less fortunate, these words, indeed, become to them "spirit and life."

Do you recall the hymn? —

"Make channels for the streams of love
Where they may broadly run;
For love has overflowing streams
To feed them,—every one.

But, if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share if we would keep
That blessing from above,
Ceasing to give, we cease to have:
Such is the law of love."

And so we bid God-speed to these generous helpers.

As I write, I wonder to whom it may be. Some day, perhaps, some one of you will reveal yourself, by letter, to

Yours very truly,

EDEN.

SUPPLEMENT TO BOOK CLUB.

The following addresses should be added to the list of standing requests, on behalf of those who distribute reading or have a lending library.

Mrs. Isadore E. Rice, Oakland, Douglas County, Oregon, on behalf of an out of the way Sunday-school. Mrs. E. M. Backus, High Point, Guilford County, North Carolina. High Point is "a factory town of thirty-five hundred people, most of them very ignorant, though many can just read and write."

Mrs. Backus is an invalid, not able to visit; but many of the people of the town come to her to borrow reading.

Mrs. F. C. Dorn, whose interesting letter we print as follows: —

"I am not a shut-in, in-as-far as being an invalid is concerned. But I am fourteen miles from a railroad, Rome being the nearest station, and also the nearest place where there is a library. Have three children that I teach at home. I belong to a circle of King's Daughters that meets once in two weeks. We pay five cents a month, and even that is hard to get for most of us. We have a mission church here, and an organ was given to it. The church unable to hire an organist, I serve in that capacity. I give my daughters music lessons; and, with scarcely any easy instrumental music, it is a task. The young people meet here, and practise singing. I never have time to visit, and rarely get out unless in case of sickness. Our income makes us choose among the must haves, and renders luxuries unthought of. Do you ever have German reading? There are ten families within two miles that can read only German; and magazines and novels in that language would cheer more than one old couple far from the "Fatherland," who cannot afford to pay for reading. Through the kindness of the Cheerful Letter Exchange I have received papers and books, and cannot be grateful enough for the help they are to me. There are about a hundred families that I can reach with reading in a circle of ten miles. I am going to keep a list of the number of times each book is read, and require them brought in once in two weeks. All the reading I had before had been read and reread in the neighborhood until it was almost known by heart. I will now send it on to the next county, where there is a place situated about like this as regards libraries. It is forty-five miles from here. I send by friends who visit us, as I could not afford to pay freight. I love to read the standard magazines, and a few families also are interested in them; but far the most of the people prefer novels. They work so hard days that evenings the brain is too tired for heavy reading. Such works as "Pansy's" series, E. P. Roe's, and Martha Finley's books would wield a mighty influence over the young people. I had a story of the Christian Endeavor cut from the *Golden Censer* sent to me. I pasted it in an old seed catalogue, and fifty-four young men and women had read it and put their names on the blank page, when I sent it on to Lewis County. I have often been asked since if I had any more books like that. "It helped me so," they sometimes say. It is seventeen years now since I have been where there is a library, and I know nothing of the new books that have come out. We only have Sunday-school three months in the year the population is so scattered." Mrs. F. C. Dorn, Point Rock, Oneida County, New York.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There is a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on the first Friday in every month at 25 Beacon Street at 10.30 A.M.

N.B.—PLEASE READ DIRECTIONS AT BEGINNING OF BOOK CLUB BEFORE WRITING FOR BOOKS.

We fear that some of our subscribers have the impression that by subscribing for the *Cheerful Letter* they will be sure to receive books. The Book Club has proved an attractive department of our paper; and many of our subscribers are interested in sending books to those who are unable otherwise to obtain them. But we engage only to keep the Book Club open for offers and requests, and that under certain conditions.

Those who receive appeals for money or clothing are earnestly requested to make no response, but to forward the letters containing such appeals at once to Miss Langmaid.

In the March number of *The Cheerful Letter* I offered "The Life and Times of Jesus," stating that it was offered to ministers or Sunday-school teachers. Twelve people have written to ask for this book. Not one of the twelve takes the trouble to state whether the writer is a Sunday-school teacher. Must I write twelve notes, asking "Are you a Sunday-school teacher?" or shall I withhold the book from all who do not make the statement? L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The editor is anxious to obtain the following old numbers of the *Christian Examiner*,—September, 1833; May, 1843; July, 1844; July, 1845. Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

We have omitted in this number the "Bible Class," because the beautiful sermon by Dr. Furness is so excellent a Bible class lesson and sermon combined; and it was impossible to omit any part of it.

The following note was received from the reading circle of which Mrs. James Newcomb, Bexar County, Texas, is the centre. We do not usually print notes of thanks, but are glad to make this an exception.

Please accept the thanks of the members of Mrs. Newcomb's Friday afternoon Literary Society for the books, papers, and magazines. We have read them with great pleasure, and highly appreciate your kindness in sending good literature. Mattie Conway, Emily Conway, Maud Conway, Emily Hitchcock, Lela Beck, Jessie Conway, Dee Beck, Charley Day, Jack Sinclair.

Our Book Club department has grown so large that we shall ask of all who in the future write to us for books to send the name of some minister as a reference; when possible, the minister of the church to which they belong.

The editor receives nearly every day notes which should go to the Book Club secretary (Mrs. Hallett), the treasurer (Miss Howe), or the secretary (Miss Langmaid). This greatly and needlessly increases her work. She would therefore request all readers of *The Cheerful Letter before* they address her to be kind enough to READ THE FOLLOWING

DIRECTIONS.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, 53 Linden Street, Brookline, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

EDITOR OF "CHEERFUL LETTER,"—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. Henry R. Hallett, 310 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals may be sent to the treasurer as above. The subscription is fifty cents a year.

Notice that requests for membership and for correspondents go to Miss Langmaid, our secretary; requests for books and offers of books, to Mrs. Hallett; and to Miss Clarke only articles for insertion in the paper (not Book Club matter). All such material should be written on *one side only* of the paper, and sent by the first of the month *before* that in which it is printed.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Ellen R. Dewson, Quincy, Mass. Please give full name and address. Many of our members take the paper, in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.

Will all subscribers or receivers of *The Cheerful Letter*, whose copy does not come regularly, or comes not correctly addressed, be kind enough to notify Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

Send all notices of *changes of address* to Miss Howe. Please do not send these notices to the editor, as it causes delay in the correction.